

Vol. 3 No. 2

THE HUTTLESTONIAN



1926 Spring

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

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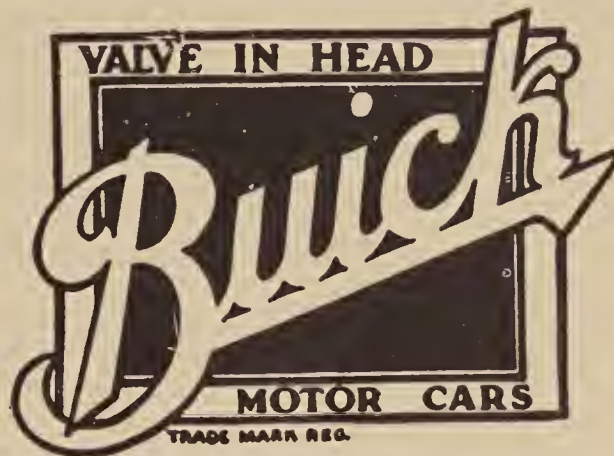
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THE HUTTLESTONIAN

PUBLISHED BY STUDENTS OF FAIRHAVEN HIGH SCHOOL

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Guy B. Staples



Chas. H. Johnson, Jr.



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Geraldine Freeman



Florence R. Griswold



Ruby R. Dodge

THE FACULTY
Fairhaven High School



Ten Minutes with the Principal

Q. "Mr. Dickey, why was a student council established last year at the Fairhaven High School?"

A. "Well, you see it is this way. The conception of school management is changing from the autocratic to the democratic idea. In other words there is a strong feeling throughout the field of education that the pupils of an educational institution should have an opportunity to express their ideas, preferences, et cetera, through a representative body."

Q. "What has caused such a change in feeling?"

A. "The idea that in order to train boys and girls to be efficient citizens of a democracy, the school must be a place for them to practice democracy."

Q. "Oh I see. The school is or should be a miniature community with the pupils acting as citizens of that community. But if this is true, why not let the pupils run the school altogether rather than in a limited way?"

A. "That is a perfectly logical question. Many of the problems of a school are such that their solutions require mature and expert judgment, not characteristic of boys and girls of high school age. It has been almost universally found true that where too much participation in school management has been permitted pupils, the whole idea has failed. That is why we are trying this experiment cautiously in our school."

Q. "I have just begun to get an insight into the matter, Mr. Dickey, and would like to know now what has been accomplished so far by the students. Our time is up, however, and the space allotted this interview is filled."

A. "Well, we can probably talk again about these points."

Getting Advertisements for “The Huttlestonian”

GETTING “ads” is really quite a bit of work and one begins to know human nature when one asks for money. I am going to relate my first experience in this work.

On entering the first store on my list, I asked one of the clerks to direct me to the manager. While I was waiting, I began to think what I was going to say. Suddenly out of my thoughts came a pleasant voice, “What can I do for you, young lady?” I answered that I represented the Fairhaven High School and that I was soliciting advertisements for the school magazine. I stated that I knew he had “ads” in previous numbers of our magazine and wished to know if he cared to renew them.

I showed him our latest issue with his “ad”. I also suggested that he might take a larger “ad” this time and showed him some larger ones in the magazine. The manager glanced quickly over the book and then looking with a quizzical expression asked, “What high school did you say?”

I repeated, “Why the Fairhaven High School across the river.”

The manager feigned surprise and said, “Why I never heard of such a place.”

By this time I had caught the glimmer of amusement in his eyes and answered quickly, “Oh, surely, sir, all New Bedforders know the little high school across the river with the big football team!” At this everyone in the office laughed.

After that we got down to business and soon I received an order for a larger advertisement. I left the store greatly encouraged by my first success. Would that it were always as pleasant and easy as that!

MARY S. TOLEDO, '26

The Crook Who Was Crooked

JULES LE ROUX set foot on the shores of America with great joy in his heart. Here was a free country; a country where all men rich and poor were on the same level. Now the gendarmes could no longer lock him up for stealing a paltry sum of ten thousand francs. He was a free man; free to rob, plunder, and murder at will. "Vive L' Amerique!" cried Jules as the Statue of Liberty came in view. Such were the impressions Jules Le Roux, master criminal, had concerning America.

By assuming the name of Marc Pelletier and stating that his occupation was that of a tailor, Le Roux successfully evaded the intricate demands of the immigration officials at Ellis Island. At first Jules himself marveled at the facility with which he gained entrance, but arrived at the conclusion that the Americans knew only his deeds. To them Jules Le Roux was a petty thief compared with Chapman, the clever American crook. Yet he, Jules Le Roux, would show them; they would learn to respect him even as they did Chapman. Yes, a Frenchman was not to be despised; even Chapman was of French descent.

As he edged his way through the huge throng gathered at the dock, he was met by a neatly dressed young man with blue eyes and a thick crop of blond hair protruding in places from under his "Stetson". This gentleman's features were pleasant to look upon and at an "Atlantic City Pageant" for the male sex, he might have carried off first honors. Speaking in a *sauve* tone he addressed Jules thus:

"Mr. Le Roux, I have a very fine proposition to make to you."

"Nom du nom," replied Jules, "Comment you savvy my name. Maybe you mon ami, eh bien, you show me beaucoup money for to swipe. Jules Le Roux he ees one beeg, what you call heem—yegg."

"Some crook, Jules," murmured he of the blond hair sarcastically. "No, Jules, you've got to turn over a new leaf. Maybe you think you can get away with anything in America. You're wrong. If you expect the shekels to turn in fast, I advise you to go into real estate. For instance, there's a nice building over there," and the suave Adonis pointed to the tower of the Woolworth building rising in the distance. "How's that? Seeing it's you I'll let you have that building for five thousand smackers. Think of the cash that will bring you, good steady silver, too."

Jules meditated; he had no intention of giving up his criminal pursuits but the offer appealed to him. Fortunately one of his victims had been an American tourist and, therefore, Jules had quite a rich supply of Uncle Sam's dollars. But five thousand dollars was too much. Jules was no easy mark; did the man expect Jules to hand over the money as his American friends did? Well, if he did he was one beeg fool.

"Five thousand, she too much. I give you twenty-five hundred for heem," and Jules waved his hand majestically towards the skyscraper in question.

Jules was surprised at the alacrity with which the American accepted his offer, and after placing in his advisor's waiting palm the needed sum, he left the building with the deed of his property, feeling very exultant over his purchase. Arriving at Mr. Woolworth's lofty monument to himself, he entered the street floor. He found himself in a large store. As the things on the counters looked attractive to him, he proceeded to help himself to numerous articles which he desired. He had just picked up a gleaming stick pin when he felt a slight tap on his shoulder. Looking around, he saw a blue coated officer threatening him and ordering him to put back his collection of trinkets. Jules gasped in amazement. So there were gendarmes in America!

"Sir," said Jules haughtily, "what for you touch me? This ees my property for which I pay much money. This store, she mine; you no can arrest me," and Jules concluded with a gesture to emphasize his innocence.

"Sorry," replied the officer of the law, "somebody's swindled you." And the policeman courteously helped Jules to the door with a well aimed "coup de pied".

As Jules found himself thrust out into the crowded streets of New York, his first impulse was to pull out his trusty "revolvere" to shoot his tormentor, the American gendarme. But a second thought told him that the safer thing to do was to get the blond Adonis who had "duped" him. So Jules hired a boarding house for himself and with the aid of some of his underworld friends such as "Shorty" La Crosse, "Matty" Poisson and "Blazer" Berceau, all former presidents of fair France, he proceeded to comb the underworld in search of the blue-eyed "con man". Though he hunted for weeks nothing could be found of his real estate advisor. He of the blond hair evidently knew and respected Jule's reputation.

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

Meanwhile Jack Doyle was living a life of ease in his fine Brooklyn home. The underworld knew him not as Jack Doyle but as Shadow Larson, safe-breaker de-luxe; a man who left no other trace behind him than a sarcastic letter stamped with the signature "The Shadow". In this domain, folks knew this "Shadow" not as the dapper Jack Doyle but as a poverty stricken artist, who made vain attempts at art in the daytime and at night pursued more successfully the trade of a "yegg"; a man whom they hardly ever saw but whom they both admired and respected. So it happened that though Jules and his friends searched far and wide they were unable to find any trace of the man upon whom Jules had sworn vengeance. How could anyone suspect that "Shadow" Larson had turned "con man" when there was usually a much better reward and less danger of being detected in his present business? And Jack Doyle, a pampered son of the rich, would certainly not stoop to such a means of acquiring money.

Now all this time, Jules had had foremost in his mind a desire to accomplish the deeds which he intended to do on coming to the promised land, and which he had been compelled to set aside on account of his search for the clever swindler, who had met him upon his arrival. More over, his funds were getting low and Jules who had never earned an honest "sou" in his life was therefore unable to stick to a legitimate business such as real-estate. Hence, one foggy night found him approaching the Brooklyn residence of Jack Doyle, heir to the immense fortunes of Martin Doyle, a power on Wall Street. Jack Doyle's safe was known to contain a vast sum of money and many valuable jewels. His friend "Blazer" Berceau a noted "fence" would be able to dispose of the jewels easily enough.

After a careful investigation of the premises, Jules entered the house via the parlor window. Cautiously he made his way into Jack's study where the safe was known to be located, and after a quick examination of the safe, he began to work upon the combination aided by his tools. Before long, the ponderous door swung open and Jules eagerly began to strip the safe of its contents. As he knelt, fingering greedily a roll of bills he had chanced upon, he uttered a cry of amazement. Those bills were strangely familiar. He was sure

(Continued on page 33)



M.E.H.

THE social calendar since the last issue of "The Huttlestonian" has been a full one. Among our speakers have been Dr. Tingley, who spoke enthusiastically on his travels in Alaska; Mrs. Shockley, who introduced Burton Holmes and his illustrated lecture on Rome; Mr. Tripp, who lectured on the town of Dartmouth; Mr. Webster, who entertained us with a talk on "Salesmanship" and incidentally helped us to increase the "Huttlestonian Scholarship Loan Fund" by interesting the school in getting subscriptions for "The Woman's Home Companion," "The American," "Colliers" and "The Mentor"; Mr. Ranlett, librarian at Millicent Library, whose subject "How An Editor Looks at Stories" proved interesting not only to the Literary Club but to the student-body and faculty as well, and Mr. Tallman, who recently gave an instructive talk on "Architecture."

In addition to the lectures there have been musical programs furnished by Dr. Thompson and Mr. Paull and by the Junior and Senior assemblies, and a debate—"Resolved That The United States Should have A Separate Air Department" offered as a Sophomore contribution.

The Seniors have had two evening dances, and a combination Colby Glee Club Concert and Dance sponsored by The Fairhaven Teachers' Association—was an attraction for all. The play "The Road To Yesterday" was most successfully produced.

EVELYN M. SMITH, '26



THE HUTTLESTONIAN



Miss Siebert: "Harold, what are you chewing?"

Harold: "Why, I'm not chewing anything."

Miss Siebert: "What was that you just swallowed?"

Harold: "Oh! that was my Adam's apple."

Mrs. Dodge: "I can't understand why the class continually fails in this history. It is extremely simple."

Slocum: "So are we."

Miss Mackie: "How is it possible to know when a microbe enters the body?"

Holland: "You can see 'em coming, of course."

Mr. Staples: "What was the president's name in 1903?"

Class: "Roosevelt."

Mr. Staples: "Wrong, it was Coolidge."

Cheerleader Cieurzo: "Come on Dutton, you're not making a bit of noise."

Voice in assembly: "For the first time in history."

We wonder:

If we could interest Mr. Pidgeon in a bottle of hair tonic.

Where Mr. Parkinson got his taste in ties.

Where Mr. Erickson learned to talk from the corner of his mouth.

If Mr. Staples can successfully compute the hairs in his mustache.

A story recorded by one who never heard it:—

Miss Gifford: "I think, Slocum, that for your good work this term you are entitled to a 'B'."

Slocum, blushing furiously: "Oh, Miss Gifford, I really think that the best I deserve is a 'D'. I don't ever do any home work, and I am continually talking in class and don't ever pay any attention to what you say. In fact, I lost my French book four months ago. Coming down to facts, I think the most you ought to do for me is to give me an 'E'."

Miss Gifford: "Oh! Everett, you are so modest that less than an 'A' would be an insult to you."

Miss Heald: "It is impossible to loaf and to work at the same time."

Simmons: "Pardon me, but don't they loaf and work at the same time in a bakery?"

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

Mrs. Dodge: "What happened after this event?"

Tom Perry: "After what event?"

Mrs. Dodge: (indefinitely) "Why after such and such an event."

Tom Perry: (wisely) "Such and such a thing happened."

Mr. Erickson, after giving out the last of his twenty-five topics: "That's all."

Ruth Bedford: "I haven't any topic, Mr. Erickson."

Mr. Erickson: "All right, you can take the twenty-sixth topic, 'Where Does the White Go When the Snow Melts?'"

Miss Bettencourt, describing use of microscope in the biology class: "Place your object on the stage and cover it with a small round glass square."

Bartlett, in his special report: "The Americans pushed forward with dog determination and fought for every foot on the ground."

Miss Gifford: "Pomme means apple. Now what does pomme de terre mean?"

Dutton: "Apple sauce."

Burgell, translating Latin: "And Caesar's forces came to a ford in the river."

Interested pupil: "Did it have four wheel brakes?"

Howard: "The fish I nearly caught must have weighed at least three pounds."

Mr. Erickson: "How could you tell, by the scales?"

Marjorie Winterbottom, while reading a theme in the English class: "Though a wild animal was outside I hesitated to shoot it as it was snowing fiercely outside and there were deep snowbanks."

BY THEIR LINES YOU SHALL KNOW THEM:

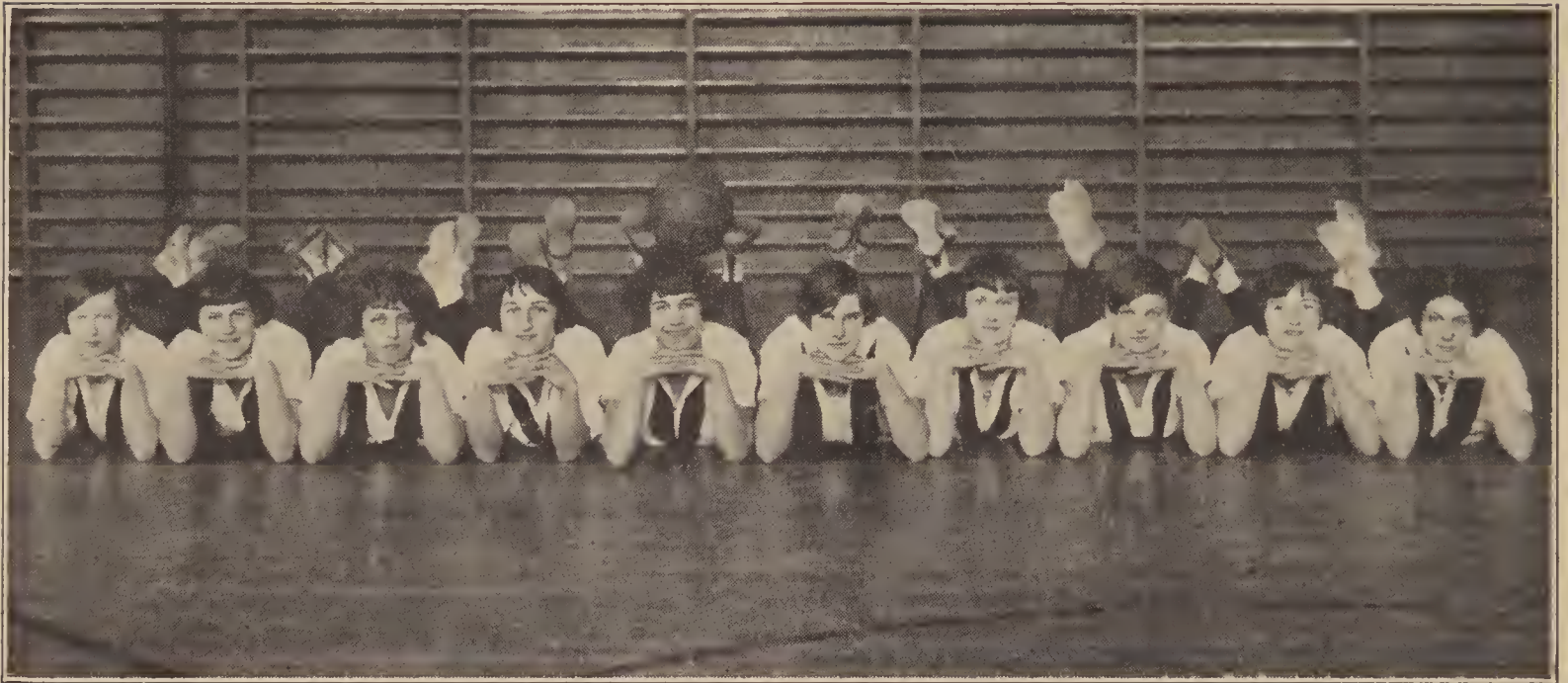
W-e-l-l-l Dorothy Dean
I don't know Anybody
I wasn't talking ... Lawrence McGowan
Whazzat Wlodyka
Please take your seat Miss Siebert
Stop Jeanette Demers
I didn't mean nothin' Dave Entin
Please repeat Walter Roos
Thirty minutes Mrs. Dodge
Lend me a dime "Bill" Maxsom
Here's a pink slip Mr. Erickson
There's a seat waiting for you in Room 7
Mr. Parkinson

Enos: "Yesterday, I caught a salmon a foot long."

Pery: "Don't jolly me! Salmon come in cans!"



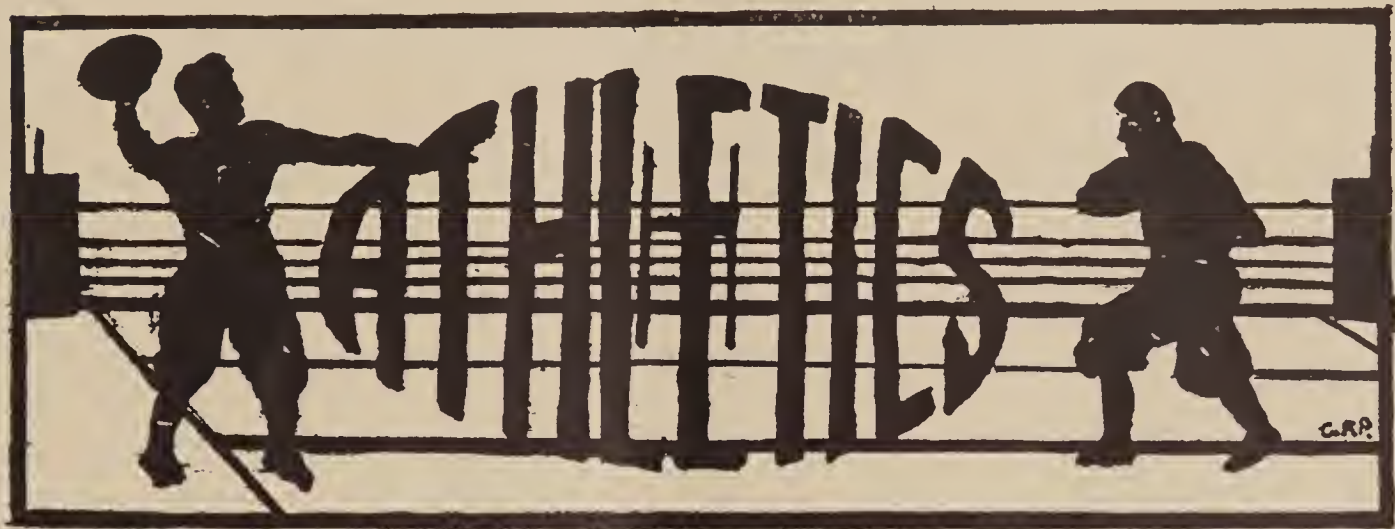
THE HUTTLESTONIAN



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM—1926



BASEBALL TEAM 1926



Boys' Basketball

The team of 25-26 was the best the school has had for several years. Eight games were won and five lost. The following was the schedule for the season:

THE SCORES

F.H.S.	66	Falmouth	9	
F.H.S.	38	Barrington	18	
F.H.S.	24	Bristol Aggies	27	
F.H.S.	17	Dartmouth	13	
F.H.S.	27	Bridgewater	19	
F.H.S.	29	Falmouth	16	
F.H.S.	15	Durfee	18	
F.H.S.	14	Vocational	25	
F.H.S.	24	West Warwick	8	
F.H.S.	12	Vocational	19	
F.H.S.	31	Providence Y. Prep.	21	
F.H.S.	22	Durfee	33	
F.H.S.	20	Bristol Aggies	19	
<hr/>				
Totals	F.H.S.	339	Opp.	245

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

INDIVIDUAL SCORING

Player	Field Baskets	Foul Baskets	Total Points
MacGowan, c.	39	13	91
Cook, f.	30	11	71
Macomber, f.	24	3	51
O'Leary, f.	18	13	49
Hoxie, g.	18	10	46
Tunstall, g.	10	7	27
Cieurzo, g.	2	0	4
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Totals	141	57	339

TRACK

A relay team consisting of Bruce, Hall, Hossley and Sylvia ran at 4 different meets winning 3 firsts and 1 second and defeating 8 out of 9 schools it ran against.

At the Huntington meet the relay team scored $2\frac{1}{2}$ points.

At the State meet points were scored by the relay team, Cieurzo in the shot put and Dammon in the high jump.

In a dual meet with Tabor in which the whole track team participated, Tabor was defeated 28 to 26. A Junior team divided into 2 classes under 100 lbs, and 100 to 125 lbs. defeated a Tabor team also.

Things that Interest Me

THERE are many things which are very interesting, but what interests me the most is sports. I just love basketball in spite of its wood-burns and other bumps.

It's just great to play a couple of sets of tennis on a summer's evening. Try it sometime! Play until the moon comes up, with a cool breeze blowing. You will soon realize one lovely side of nature that you have been missing.

Run out onto the girl's hockey field some day when the wind is blowing a gale. Indulge in a fast game of hockey, and it sure will liven you up.

Stand watching a football game, with the rain coming down in sheets, something like it did the day of the Framingham game. You won't notice the water running down your neck and into your shoes, if you are really interested in the game. It sounds very uncomfortable, but it's life if you only knew it.

Walking is great fun if you like it. It gives you rosy cheeks, a good appetite, and makes you feel light and airy.

Thus sports have their value both morally and physically.

MILDRED O. PARKINSON, '26

My Dog

WHAT is there in a dog which makes him the companionable old soul that he is? When I think of my dumb friend, I know he possesses the emotions, the likes, dislikes, and tastes of people. I also like to think that my dog is closely allied to me in thought and action though he cannot tell me. The sudden use of his ears and wag of his tail when I put foot on the doorstep; isn't that sufficient to tell of this dumb animal's capacity for love of his master? It is this love for me that is our language. What tongue in the wide world is sweeter! His eyes, the acme of intelligence, are our intermediary.

For all of this my dog is human—he does not like a bath.

ALFRED ANDREWS, '26



That Boat of Ours

She was proud
That boat of ours.
She lifted her massive bowsprit
High into the air, fresh washed with spray.
She waved her snow-white canvas
Madly when brought about
Against her will.
She sailed through the jaded waters
As though possessed of some unseen power
Which bore her, like some fairy chariot
Gliding noiselessly over dewy grass.
Her keel churned the water
Into myriads of foamy bubbles
Which danced and leapt
Only to return to the depths again
Shattered!

We were proud of her
That boat of ours.
She meant life to us
Standing for the force that carries us
On thru seas both calm and rough
Yet always bearing onward thru depths
Unseen, to calm and harbour out beyond.

ELIZABETH C. JOHNSON, '25

Just Another One of Those Trips

SCHOOL had closed for the summer and I was glad of it because Bill and I were going on a trip to Maine. We had decided on this months before and had made our plans accordingly. At first Bill had wanted to tour thru Canada, spend a few weeks at the North Pole, and visit the Eskimos in Alaska on our way back. I was able to persuade him, however, that such a trip might be a bit too strenuous so we compromised on Maine. The next question was as to how we would get there. Bill suggested that we buy an auto. With this in view we raised all available funds (most of it borrowed) and found we had just fifty-nine dollars and seventy-five cents.

"Holy Smoke! We can buy a 'Packard' with all this," Bill said.

"Well," I said, "I'll leave the purchase of the auto to you. They're selling second hand cars over at Bolton's Garage so you can go over there and buy one this afternoon. I'll get some groceries and camping equipment and we can start tomorrow morning. Don't forget to buy a good bus. We don't want anything but the best, you know!"

In this way we arranged things. Bill was to call for me with the auto early next morning so we could get a good start. That night I went to bed pleased with the thought that we would soon be on our way to Maine.

It seemed only a few minutes after I had gone to sleep when I was awakened by a loud honking of an automobile horn. I got out of bed, glanced at the clock, which said five, and leaned out the bedroom window. Sure enough it was Bill down by the front gate with the machine. I dressed quickly and went out. Bill sat proudly behind the steering wheel.

"Ain't she a beaut?" he asked admiringly. "And only cost fifty bucks!"

I looked the auto over rather dubiously. It was a one seated roadster with the top missing, the wheels warped, the mudguard bent, and the windshield cracked. It did not take an expert mechanic to tell that it had already seen its best days.

"What make is she, Bill?" I asked.

"Nineteen fifteen Chevrolet," Bill replied. "One of best cars made and speed demon too. It's an easy two miles from my house to here and I made it in fifteen minutes flat. How's that for travelin'?"

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed in amazement. "We'll be up in Maine and back again before we know it. By the way, Bill, what will we name this bus?"

"Let's call her Richard, the Lionhearted," Bill said. "That's a good brave name for a lady."

And thus it was that our machine got its warlike name.

"Well," I said, "you'll have to come in the house with me and help lug out the groceries and stuff, but don't make any noise. There's no need of waking up the rest of the family."

We put all the groceries and camping equipment in the back compartment of the auto. The three or four bags that were left over were put in front with us. We finally got everything all placed and we climbed into the seat. I had a couple of bags under my feet and there was a rolled-up sleeping tent between Bill and me. The auto was crammed to the very limit. There wasn't enough room left for a flea.

"Nice roomy bus, ain't it?" Bill remarked complacently as he got ready to start the engine.

"Sure, plenty of room," I replied sarcastically as I tried to fit my feet into a space about one inch square. My response, however, was lost in the noise of the engine. Bill shifted gears; "Richard, the Lionhearted" leaped forward convulsively, stopped suddenly and then picked up again and we chugged down the street and out of town.

The first hill we came to almost proved our last one for Bill ambitiously tried to climb it in high. "Richard" literally staggered up the slight grade! The engine knocked and the wheels groaned loudly. I thought we would never reach the top of that little slope but we finally did much to my relief.

"She climbs hills nice and easy, don't she?" asked Bill.

I looked at him sharply but he seemed perfectly serious so I simply said, "Yes, she climbs 'em easy but you'd better shift into low the next time."

We now began to coast down the other side of the hill. The road was none too smooth at this point and "Richard" reacted accordingly. If I had thought the auto was about to expire in climbing the hill I now feared the old tub would surely fall to pieces going down. Slowly we gathered speed until we were going at what was a dizzy rate for "Richard". The springs squeaked, the mudguards rattled, and the front wheels seemed about to part company with the back ones. I could hear chunks of metal knocking against each other somewhere inside of the machine.

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

"Humph," thought I to myself, "instead of naming this auto, 'Richard' the Lionhearted" we should have called her "Richard the Ironhearted."

There is an end to everything, however, and at last we came to the bottom of the hill. "Richard" once more resumed her normal speed which was just about ten miles an hour. I now had time to examine and count the bumps and bruises I had received during our wild descent.

"She coasted down that hill pretty smooth, didn't she?" asked Bill with an air of pride.

"Yes, she did," I replied pleasantly but there was murder within my heart.

"Guess we were going pretty near sixty all the way down," Bill added complacently. "Just shows yuh what a good engine'll do if yuh only give it a chance."

"Yes, that's right," I agreed, but all the time I was trying to figure out which way I would rather kill him, with an axe or just by strangling him to death.

We were now on a stretch of fairly level road so Bill stepped on the gas in order to prove further to me what a fast machine we had. We were soon going at a tremendous speed (all of eighteen miles an hour.) But this was not accomplished without some protest from "Richard." The engine started knocking so loudly that I almost forgot myself and said, "Come in."

"Hitting on all four now!" Bill exclaimed.

"Yes," I replied. "In fact, she's fairly hammering on them."

"Rides like a bird, don't she?" interrupted Bill.

"Yes," I said, "She rides like a bird all right. She's off the ground a blamed sight more than she's on it."

But my pointed comments were in vain. Bill was so absorbed in the good qualities of that worthless old junk that he failed to grasp my sarcastic remarks. In fact, he really thought I was complimenting on his choice of such a nifty car. Once more my mind was engrossed with the thought of violence. I had even gone so far as to pick out the exact spot where I would hit him, when something happened!

We had started to make a turn in the road but the steering gear suddenly went wrong and Bill lost control of the car. Instead of making the turn we made the acquaintance of a tree which stood near the road. Head on we skidded into it. I had seen the collision

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

coming so I jumped out of the machine just before it struck the tree. I hit the ground forcibly and got up feeling rather shaky. Bill was still sitting in the driver's seat, absolutely unhurt, while the front end of "Richard" was jammed against the tree.

"Well, you lucky stiff!" I exclaimed, feeling virtuously aggravated because I had gotten the bump which ought to have been Bill's by rights.

We examined the auto and found it temporarily disabled. The hood was bent and the steering gear loose.

"I can fix it so she'll run pretty quick," Bill said confidently. "The steering gear just needs a little tightening, that's all."

He began rummaging around the back compartment of the auto.

"Well, I'll be cussed!" he ejaculated. "I forgot to bring any wrenches along so you'll have to stay here with the auto while I hoof it back to town and get some. It's only five miles from here so I'll be back in a couple of hours."

I assented to this plan and climbed into the auto, all prepared to take things easy while he walked back to town.

The place was quiet and my thoughts wandered. Suddenly I was startled by the sound of crunching footsteps close behind me. I whirled in the seat only to find myself looking into the barrel of an anicent but serviceable looking revolver. The weapon was held by one of the toughest looking tramps I had ever seen. His hair was matted and his face was evidently unacquainted with the razor. His eyes were hard and seemed to fit with the rest of his character.

"All right, kid," he said. "You can jump out and leave your little toy. Poppa'll take care of it for you."

Despite his facetious way of speaking I knew he meant what he said and I got out. The tramp put his revolver into his pocket, walked around to the front of the auto and with one heave of his powerful shoulders, pryed "Richard" loose from the tree. He then climbed into the auto, started the engine and threw in the clutch. To my surprise "Richard" began to move and the tramp backed her onto the road, shifted gears and then stepped on the gas. The auto gathered speed slowly, jolted up the road and so disappeared around the curve in a cloud of dust.

It was with mixed feelings that I watched it depart. I was glad to get rid of it, but still in so doing I was losing my money. Bill was sure to be sore, and it was a long walk for us back to our town. These were sad thoughts, and I sat down under a nearby tree in order that I might better ponder them. My mighty mind was still

wrestling with the problem when Bill returned an hour later. I hadn't noticed his arrival until he got within a few yards of me. When I did look up I saw something that struck me as being funny. Bill was standing there, hot and grimy, holding a wrench that must have measured at least two feet in length.

"Well," he said, "by gum, but I'm tired. I had a devil of a time looking for a garage. Finally found a machine-shop though, and so got this wrench there. The blamed thing weighs fifteen pounds but it was the only adjustable wrench in the place. The darn miser that owns the shop made me put up my watch for security. Soon's we fix the bus we'll take back the wrench. Say, where's the auto, anyway?"

Suddenly the full humour of the situation occurred to me. Here was poor Bill who had lugged a fifteen pound wrench the distance of four miles, under a hot sun in order to fix an auto that wasn't there! It was tragic in one way, but also very funny. I sat down by the roadway and laughed. In fact I laughed until my stomach ached and my legs were weak. Bill stood there looking at me with his mouth so open that you could have easily put a watermelon into it.

"Say," he demanded, "what's the big joke?"

I sobered myself and in strangled tones told him thus. "There isn't any joke. Just a while ago a tramp came along, and stole 'Richard'. I guess we won't need the wrench, after all."

I had always thought Bill was a gentleman. He attended Sunday School regularly and was supposed to be of a fairly good moral character. But I am afraid that all this had not had the proper uplifting influence on him for he now commenced to swear. For fully five minutes Bill cussed in a manner that would have drawn the admiration of any sea captain, teamster or even of an army mule driver. His vocabulary was wonderful. His gestures were superb. His eloquence was reminiscent of Patrick Henry and the range and tone of his voice suggested Captain Kidd. His selection of adjectives was worthy of a language professor. It was a complete education just to listen to him. At last, however, he ran out of wind.

"There now, Bill," I consoled him, "you ought to be glad that we've got rid of the car. It never was any good."

Bill looked at me ferociously. When he spoke there was honest indignation and righteous wrath in his voice. "Say," he demanded belligerently, "Do you know that you're talking about our auto! That was the smoothest running bus I've ever ridden in."

Of course I could have come back with the snappy reply that no doubt he had never ridden in an auto before, but I didn't, for the least said the better. Silence reigned for a moment.

"Well," I said, "We can't stay here all day. We might as well beat it back to town."

Bill's only reply was a grunt, but we started walking back along the road, Bill still carrying in his hand the wrench. We had travelled about two miles when after making a turn in our path we almost bumped into our auto. "Richard" was in the middle of the roadway and had evidently been abandoned by our friend the tramp. Bill was overjoyed, but I wasn't. I had been secretly complimenting myself because we had gotten rid of the junk, but here it was back again. Bill climbed into the driver's seat and as he did so I noticed a piece of paper that had been stuck on the windshield. I took it off and gazed at it curiously while Bill was looking over the gears. The paper was dirty and torn, but it was the note written on it that interested me. In a scrawling, heavy hand the tramp had written these words: "Here is your ————— auto back again. Yore welcum."

I didn't show the paper to Bill. I didn't have the heart to spoil his refound joy, and besides he was busy tightening the steering wheel. Soon "Richard" was once more in good running condition which was not saying much, however. Bill started the engine. With the same old jounce and creak "Richard" slowly got under way and we rattled on our journey back to town. It wasn't until we had nearly reached our village that I remembered something.

"Say, Bill," I said. "I thought we started out for Maine. Looks to me as if we're headed the wrong way."

"By gosh," Bill exclaimed, "that's right! Why I forgot all about it! Oh well, never mind, we can go to Maine any old time. Besides we'd better wait until we get more used to "Richard" before we start on a trip."

To these words I thankfully agreed, but with the mental provision that I should never get used to "Richard" for I intended that a safe distance would be kept between us.

Later in the summer I ceded my half of the auto to Bill. He was pleased and I was relieved. It was a satisfactory arrangement all around. Ever since then, however, I have made it a point to look twice at an auto before riding in it, for experience is the best teacher.

GEORGE M. COOK, '27

The Island of the Fire God

IN the Island of the Fire God, in the village of Naakoomis lived a beautiful Indian girl named Nareen. She and her lover Ka-win-ka were very happy for they were soon to be married. Nareen lived with So-lo her father who was very old.

One day as she was busy curing some animal skins which had been given her by Ka-win-ka, she was sent for by Wa-hoo the Medicine Man. Nareen was very much afraid of him, as was the rest of the tribe. She knew that the custom of the tribe was to sacrifice the most beautiful girl to the Fire God. They believed that if they did not do this the Fire God would be angry, and the mountain would erupt a stream of fire and lava to destroy the village.

Therefore, each year, the most beautiful girl was chosen by the Medicine Man to wear the Mask of Gold and dance the "Dance of Sacrifice" in the Cave of Echoes. This was a mammoth cave which went deep into the bowels of the earth. Here all the mummies of long dead Medicine Men were placed. Here the maidens danced before the idol of the Fire God, and here one was left to die.

Knowing this, Nareen trembled at the summons, but she obeyed and went to Wa-hoo's hut. He said, "Nareen, Daughter-of-the-Willow, the time has come and passed for the sacrifice, and the God is angry and the mountain has belched forth smoke. Now the God must be appeased for our delay. You must wear the Mask of Gold". He brought it out, a large, hideous, carved face of gold with bulging emerald eyes, a horrible toothless grin, and an enormous ruby in the forehead, like an evil eye. Then the long ceremonial robe of fur of wolves printed in red and green in fantastic designs was put on the terrified girl. "Be ready, Daughter-of-the-Willow, at sunset to leave us and enter the Cave of Echoes," admonished Wa-hoo.

Nareen fearful, weary, and sick at heart went slowly home. Her father was distressed by the doom which had befallen his daughter, but he was old and could do nothing.

Ka-win-ka was distracted, angry with Wa-hoo, yet afraid of him and the anger of the Fire God. But when Nareen came to say good-bye, he vowed that he would save her or get into the cave to die with her.

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

Just before sunset, Ka-win-ka silently took his way to the cave. As he entered the passage and plunged into the darkness inside, he felt along the walls of the narrow passage till it opened into a wider space. Groping around he found the Idol of the Fire God, and hid behind it. Sometime later Wa-hoo came in carrying a torch which he placed in the mouth of the huge Idol, behind which Ka-win-ka hid. After making a few incantations he went out, leaving the torch. By its light, Ka-win-ka saw the figure of the mummies which were seated around the walls, and the bones and grinning, greenish skulls of their enemies strewn at intervals over the floor. He was very much frightened but he could not leave now.

At sunset Nareen emerged from her hut. How fantastic and horrible she looked in the ceremonial robes, with her feet in painted moccasins and her head covered with the gold mask which hung to her shoulders. Eight girls dressed in fur robes of the same type awaited her, their faces also painted hideously. They proceeded to the cave headed by Wa-hoo, who walked with a slow, precise step, singing in a low monotone all the while. The girls followed in single file, a silent, solemn, procession.

When they reached the cave they entered and when they came to the Idol they began to dance with sinuous, grotesque motions. After some time Nareen knelt before the Idol, and the girls disappeared. Immediately Ka-win-ka came out of hiding and Nareen took off the mask. Just then there was a grinding crash. The opening to the cave had been closed by a big boulder. Entombed! They were aghast.

Frantically they crept out of the dimly lighted cave into the black recesses and corners, down the devious passage-ways, crossing and recrossing. Sometimes the trail led them down, at other times up. They became tired, and hungry, and frightened. Minutes there dragged like hours; the hours seemed like days. If they could not get out they would starve. After awhile, they began to lose hope of ever finding any way out.

At last, weary, hungry, thirsty, forlorn they sat down to rest. What was that? A sound like the trickle of water! Ka-win-ka led the way toward the sound. Finally they came to a place where a trickle of water seemed to come out of the very walls. It made

a little stream about six inches wide running down the floor of the passage. Here the two knelt to drink the clear, cold, fluid. As they started on, a faint gleam of light which came from an opening in the wall barely big enough to squeeze through, attracted their attention.

Blue sky, an expanse of water, and shore! Ka-win-ka recognized the place as being on the side of the island opposite the village. Why they were no better off than before! The only thing to do was to try to get to the land, which could be seen in the distance. Ka-win-ka decided to explore the place while Nareen rested. At length he returned in a canoe made of a hollowed-out tree, which he had stolen from its place on the beach near the village. In but a moment they were paddling hastily, fearful of detection and pursuit. "See, the Fire God is angry," whispered Nareen as the volcano in the distance belched forth its smoke and lava into the morning air. Suddenly the mountain seemed enveloped in flame! The lava began to rush in huge molten streams down its sides, into the tiny village. The Fire God was angry at the loss of its victim. The little village must be wiped out to appease its wrath. But the two lovers watched from the distance, safe, happy, with a new life before them.

DORIS A. GILBERT, '26

(Continued from page 16)

he had seen them before. Ah, he remembered! These bills were the very ones. For, mixed in among the other bills which he had handed the blue-eyed "con man" had been several counterfeits. Now, to his surprise, he found himself holding those very bills.

At this moment, Jack Doyle entered the house and went directly to his den. As he turned on the light he beheld Jules staring fixedly at several crumpled bills which he held in his hand. Jules had been so absorbed in gazing at those very familiar bills that he had failed to hear Doyle's entrance.

As Jules looked startled and saw the blue-eyed "con man" upon whom he had sworn vengeance standing in the doorway, the bills fell from his hand while he dived for his trusty "revolver" which

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The Commercial Club



The employment bureau of the Commercial Club has been very active this year. The following pupils have been placed:

Alice Broadbent — Mr. Kelly, Fairhaven Post Office

Edna Passmore — New England Insurance Co.

Louise Lopes — Hill and Cutler

Margaret Manghan — Pierce and Kilburn

Robert Greenhalgh — Baker Manufacturing Co.

Helen Hammond — A. M. Smith, Cotton Broker

Adaleita Hathaway — New England Telephone Co.

Beatrice DeCoffe — Perry Laundry Machinery Co., Fairhaven.

Lucile Perry — York & Holmes.

Emily Hayter — Office of High School.

Donald Axtell — Charles H. Porter Co.

The employment bureau formed several years ago, is a bond between Fairhaven High School and the merchants of New Bedford and Fairhaven. Mr. Dickey and the teachers of the Commercial Department have been tireless in their efforts to place students.

EMILY M. HAYTER, '26



The Original Cross Word Puzzle

A FEW days ago, Caesar asked us to take a trip with him to Venetia. We had often thought we would like to see Venice so we accepted quite readily, but were somewhat startled on arriving at our destination to find ourselves in the French province of Brittany.

Almost at once Caesar began to tell us in his clear dramatic Latin all about the ships of the Veneti; way back in 56 B. C., when he met them in his famous naval battle.

Now we have travelled about a great deal with Caesar this year, so that we did not have *much* difficulty in understanding his words. Since we knew our Latin teacher would want to know all about it next day, we put down in English the Latin words that fell so fluently from Caesar's lips. This is what we wrote:—

“For of them the ships to this fashion had been made and armed; the keels somewhat flatter than of our ships, that more easily shallows and withdrawal of tide to receive they might be able; the prows to a degree erect and the sterns for the greatness of the waves and tempests fitted; ships wholly made from oak for whatever force and outrages bearing; cross beams from foot into altitude beams fixed by iron nails.”

Then he said two words that we had never heard before—“*digiti pollicis*”—but when we looked up from our papers inquiringly, Caesar obligingly held up his hand.

“Oh yes, the thumb finger,” we said to ourselves and continued writing.

“Of the thumb finger in thickness: the anchors in front of ropes with iron chains bound; hides in front of sails, whether because of lack of linen and of its use ignorance or which is — *verisimile*—.”

Now “*verisimile*” ought to mean very similar but we rather questioned it. We looked at each other till Everett said, “*Versus*—true, *similis*—like.” Then again we continued.

“Which is more likely because the so great storms of the ocean and the so great attack of the winds to be sustained, and the so great weight of the ships to be ruled by sails not sufficiently well could they thought.”

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The Ascent of Mont Blanc by Aerial Railway

(Translated from "*Je Sais Tout*," December, 1925)

THE United States has the largest locomotives, transatlantic steamers and skyscrapers in the world, but to France must go the honor of having the highest "funiculaire aérien," in the world.

This lofty construction starts at Pélerin several hundred meters from Chamonix and immediately enters the high mountains which are bordered on the north by the glacier of Bossons. It rises until it reaches La Para where the first station is located. The next stop is Les Glaciers, and from there we go towards Le Col du Midi, a pocket in the White Valley; there winter sports, are enjoyed in August. L'Aiguille du Midi is the marvelous terminal with a very difficult ascent. Hitherto, few had ever been there but now it is accessible to all.

The construction of this aerial funicular was commenced in 1909 but was interrupted by the war. Work was recommenced in 1923 and it was christened in 1924. The electrical system was formulated by an Italian named Cerretti. The cables are supported on huge pylônes. Each carriage weighs twenty-four tons and runs on eight rollers from a cable. They are capable of containing eighteen passengers. The height between Pelerins and L'Aiguille du Midi is 2,500 meters. The angle of ascent in some places is 72 degrees and the average is about 55 degrees.

The service is good and due to the novelty of the ascent and the simplicity of getting to the top, we predict that the line will probably be a success.

MILTON L. MARCHANT, '26



The Second Year German Class

THE German class is now translating Gerstäcker's "Germelshausen." Gerstäcker, the author of the book, spent nearly one-fourth of his life in foreign travel; the rest of the time he spent in literary labors, writing about what he had seen. "Germelshausen" is set in Germany and gives the reader a charming view of modern German village life. The pupils find the book interesting and instructive.

I will write a German paragraph, translate it word for word, and then I will write it in English. This will show the structure of sentences in a foreign language.

Wie Ihr nur so wunderlich redet, sagte das Mädchen verschämt, wenn er hätt' kommen können, war er gewiss schon da. Vielleicht ist er wohl krank oder—oder gar—tot, setzte sie langsam und recht aus vollem Herzen aufseufzend hinzu.

Translated word for word:

"How you only so strange speak," said the girl modestly, if he had to come able, would he certainly already here be. Perhaps is he probably sick or—or even—dead," added she slowly and right out of full heart sighed aloud.

Translated into good English.

"Why do you speak so strangely," the girl said modestly, "if he had been able to come, he would certainly have been here already. Perhaps he is sick or—or even dead," she added slowly and sighed heavily from her overflowing heart.

This shows how the pupils translate their German into English. It takes much studying to put German sentences into the best English, because the structure of the sentences is confusing. This is what the pupils strive for—translating their sentences into good English.

EVELYN M. SMITH, '26

(Continued from page 35)

After Caesar left us, we read our notes over. One thing was very evident, idiomatic Latin was not idiomatic English, and if we offered a translation like this to Mrs. Dodge, she would say, "English please" about three times to every line.

Only two finite verbs in the whole paragraph! That would never do! "Hides in front of sails. Anchors in front of ropes." Something must be the matter with that *pro*. We decided to try

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Johann Sebastian Bach

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, one of the world's greatest composers, was born in a little town in Germany on March 31, 1685.

While young, he had a great fondness for music and his father, who was a violinist, showed his interest in the boy by teaching him to play the violin.

When Johann was ten years old his father died, and he went to live with an older brother, an organist, who taught Johann the playing of the clavichord, a medieval stringed instrument similar to the old fashioned piano.

In the year 1700 while in Luneburg, he began the serious study of the organ and continued it for many years. As a player on the clavichord, he had no equal among his contemporaries, but it was not until one century after his death that his greatness as a composer was fully recognized. His death occurred on July 28, 1750.

Bach's compositions include chorales, masses, sonatas, passion music and the well known preludes and fugues. He never wrote theatrical music, and he brought polyphonic music to its highest point.

Comparing Bach with Handel, who lived about the same time, we would say that Bach was a homebody with a family, who wrote to satisfy himself, while Handel was a traveler with no family, who wrote to satisfy the public. Bach was humble and cared little for applause, and it requires thought to understand his works. Handel was arrogant and could not do without applause; his music is easy to comprehend. Handel died rich and Bach died poor. Both composers were blind.

HELEN M. GEORGE, '29.



The Socratic Method

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN SOCRATES AND XANTHIPPE

FOREWORD: Xanthippe is the sharp tempered wife of the philosopher. She is always finding fault with her husband and his trade. She does not think that he supports her well enough by means of his carving little statues.

The Curtain Rises.

(Socrates and his wife are both seated. Xanthippe is weaving and Socrates is carving his little statues before the open door.)

Socrates: "Xanthippe, my wife, I think I'll cease my work and go forth to the market place where I can improve my mind by conversation."

Xanthippe: "What! Again, you lazy pig! Once more you wish to talk at the market place when you should be working at your trade, poor though it is. Your fine phrases will never supply our fuel and and shelter. I am so weak from hunger that I can scarce speak a word."

Socrates: *(To himself)* "In truth she succeeds in making herself heard, nevertheless. Well, I must prove her in the wrong." *(Aloud)* "But Xanthippe, surely you do not consider my trade a poor one. Am I not a master sculptor?"

Xanthippe: "What folly you speak! You a master sculptor! The most ignorant child from the streets is more of an artist than you are. You carve your little statues and sell them for money. All those who buy are cheated."

Socrates: "Then you think my trade a dishonest one and you do not approve of it?"

Xanthippe: "I did not say so. A dishonest trade is better than none in this case."

Socrates: "Then by the same method of reasoning a dishonest man is better than none."

Xanthippe: "As far as I am concerned, he is."

Socrates: "Suppose you were to go away and leave all your most valuable belongings in this house. According to what you have already said you would rather have a thief in the house than nobody at all."

Xanthippe: "Of course not, you fool!"

Socrates: "Then you will admit that a dishonest man is worse than none at all?"

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

Xanthippe: "Yes, I will admit that."

Socrates: "Likewise you must confess that a dishonest trade is worse than none. You have already defined my profession as dishonest. Therefore, my trade is worse than no trade at all. Of course you would not wish me to work at such a worthless profession. I understand just how you feel in the matter, my dear Xanthippe, so I'll saunter forth to the market-place where I can more profitably spend my time. You may expect me home later in the day."

(Socrates leaves)

Xanthippe is overwhelmed by the logic of her husband but feeling that she must have the last word, she rushes to the doorway and calls after him.

"Mind you are home by sunset or I shall lock the door against you."

GEORGE M. COOK, '27

(Concluded from page 37)

instead of for that and to put in *sunt* here and there for that is always allowable.

Mrs. Dodge would probably ask if a tempest meant a thunder storm and our replies would differ. What's the cross beam in a boat anyhow?

Well, next day we talked it all over in class, and, if you will believe me, this is what we said:—

"For their ships were built and equipped after this fashion. They drew somewhat less water than our own ships, and so rode the 'shoals at ebb tide more safely. The bows and sterns were rather high to adjust them to the huge, stormy waves. The sloops were made entirely of oak, to stand any buffeting force whatever. The thwarts were made of beams a foot thick, fastened with spikes as thick as a man's thumb. The anchors were made fast by chains instead of ropes. Hides were used for sails, either because of the lack of linen and their ignorance as to its use, or—what is more likely—because they thought that the great ocean storms and the winds' buffeting could not be withstood very well, or such heavy ships steered properly with linen sails."

MIRIAM OWEN, '29

A Few Chemical Principles in Cooking

YOUNG Mrs. Brown was having a terrible time. She had declared several times in the last few hours that no young woman in the whole town—in the whole state, as things grew worse—was having such luck. Everything seemed to mix itself in the most natural wrong way possible.

There was the bread which she had mixed the night before, which simply would not rise as it should. And the cake—the cake which she had planned with such care. She had read the cook book recipe thoroughly—such a simple thing to make—and now it lay on the table, flat, and some burnt remains in the oven. The brown sugar candy which she had prepared very carefully—just as the book had said—had curdled almost before it began to boil. I don't blame her for being discouraged, do you?

Perhaps if she had known why certain foods require very careful heat regulation she would not have had so much trouble. Yeast, for example, causes certain chemical changes, which must be met with a certain temperature to give the desired result.

Cake is another food which should have careful preparation. Measurements should be as called for—no nearly, or a little over, but exact! Too little or too much flour may cause the cake to fall or it may cause it to be hard and heavy. Some cake requires beaten in air to make it rise and this fact should not be neglected.

If Mrs. Brown had only known what a small pinch of baking soda would have done! Milk contains an acid which often causes a mixture to curdle. Soda contains certain chemical properties which will neutralize this acid—thus preventing many household mishaps.

These principles are carefully taught and explained in the Domestic Science department. The work is not only helpful, but intensely interesting.

VIRGINIA M. VOKES, '26

Sewing

Fairhaven, Massachusetts,

March 26, 1926.

Dear Cousin,

I wish you could have seen the Spring Display in our sewing room. It was certainly a credit to the Freshman Class.

There were nightgowns and pajamas, both white and colored, some trimmed with lace and edging, others with ribbon. Kimonos were there, too, in all the pastel shades. Dresses and under-garments including slips, petticoats, step-ins and bloomers completed the array.

The first half of this year we had sewing one afternoon period during each week. It seemed as tho the period had just begun when it was time to go, so quickly did the time pass.

I hope that you may sometime have the opportunity to visit one of our sewing classes.

With my love,

RUTH BEDFORD, '29.

The Library

“**T**HE week-end book shelf” is a new feature recently started in the library. A small collection of books is brought from the Millicent Library every Thursday. These books may be taken out on Friday and kept for one week. The collection will consist of books of new biography, travel, short stories, fiction and poetry. The service is for the use of both teachers and students. If the plan proves a success, it will be followed for the remainder of the year. If there are any special requests, the librarian will be glad to receive them and try to obtain the books desired. This collection will be kept on the table under the west windows.

ELVERA L. BIANCHI,
Librarian.

The Value of General Science to Everyday Life

IN the study of general science many everyday topics are explained such as air, water and foods, and how life is dependent upon these essentials.

The air and the elements contained in the atmosphere are discussed in general. We are all living at the bottom of an ocean of air. This ocean of air, extending to an indefinite height above our heads, is composed of just as real a substance as any ocean of water.

In studying water we are made to realize how dependent we are on it to carry on life activities and also the great part it takes in building up the soil. Because of this dependence of man upon an abundant water supply the history of the development of civilization may almost be read by tracing out the means by which man has obtained water.

Foods and their care are explained in the most interesting manner. Here, the great necessity in obtaining pure foods is clearly pointed out. We are especially reminded of the harmful organisms which attack foods and make them unfit for use.

Household necessities are brought in and thoroughly discussed. We are made to realize the value of having a clean, healthful household.

Building of homes cautions us to be careful of the locality and convenience. These must be taken into consideration when building or buying a house.

General science also touches upon the study of the earth and upon the celestial bodies, facts regarding the solar system, gravitation, cause of day and night and of seasons of the year. Along with these studies, certain experiments are performed which impress the facts more clearly on the student's mind.

General science is not a difficult subject. It is taught mainly to impress upon people the necessities of everyday life.

In reading the text book things are brought to our minds which may never have otherwise occurred to us. It does not go deeply into any one subject, but it touches lightly on each one to give us a general idea of that particular phase. It acquaints us with a few scientific terms and is indeed a great help to anyone who is planning to take up a further study of science.

DORIS E. DIGGLE, '29

The Marvelous Electron

UNCLE Burt was always calling at unexpected times. At one of these times the folks were out, so Bill had to entertain his uncle. They spent most of the evening talking, and naturally in the course of their conversation the subject of Bill's studies came up:

"Say, Bill," asked Uncle Burt, "what's your most interesting study?"

"Physics," answered his nephew promptly.

"Umm," said Uncle Burt modestly, "I used to be a shark at physics myself when I was in school. I don't believe the teacher could think up a question that I couldn't answer. He used to try awfully hard to stick me sometimes, but he never did! Electricity was always interesting to me."

"We're studying about electrons now; er—well they're quite hard to understand, but so far I guess I've got a pretty good idea of them."

"Electrons?" queried his uncle. "What are they?"

"Don't you know?" asked his nephew in surprise. "Why they're almost the smallest bits of matter imaginable."

"That's new," said Uncle Burt. "When I was in school the atom was the smallest particle and the molecule was the next in size. Besides, atom means indivisible, and of course there's nothing smaller than that. Now, where do your electrons come in?"

"Gee, Uncle Burt, you're way behind the times," Bill waxed eloquent. "Why, not only the electron is smaller than the atom, but the proton is even smaller than the electron, and some scientists tell us that there may be something even smaller than the proton. Of course you know that there are two kinds of electricity, positive and negative."

Uncle Burt nodded.

"Well," Bill continued, "positive electricity consists of protons which form the nucleus of each electrically charged atom. About these protons are grouped negative electrons, because unlike charges of electricity attract each other. When atoms contain an equal number of electrons and protons they bear no charge—being neutral—but when an atom has more electrons or more protons it then

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

becomes either negatively or positively charged. The protons and electrons are little particles of electrically charged matter, and while the protons are fixed, the electrons are continually flying about through space."

"But," queried Uncle Burt, "how do you explain the fact that these particles of matter contain energy? I thought matter possessed no energy until a certain amount of work was done upon it?"

Bill hesitated. At length he replied, "This is the so-called 'intra-atomic' energy which, if released by disrupting, the atoms could produce almost unlimited sources of energy. In fact, it is said that in one single pebble on the beach there is enough energy to far surpass that we could obtain by combustion out of the entire contents of a coal mine. What causes this energy we do not know."

"You sure your Physics book says that?" asked his amazed Uncle.

"Positive," replied his nephew. "More-over these electrons have been discovered to be in weight .000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,001 grammes and a gramme equals .0353 ounces. In diameter it is less than the ten-thousand-millionth of an inch. It can attain an average velocity of from 50,000 to 150,000 miles per second and has been known to attain ninety-nine per cent of the velocity of light (186,000 miles a second).

"Well, Bill," said Uncle Burt as he got up to go, "I think I've spent quite a profitable evening. Those new ideas about electricity and matter surely are interesting, and they prove beyond doubt that science is progressing steadily every day. For all I know, the next time I visit you, you may tell me there is something smaller than the proton. However, you won't be able to give me such a surprise, because I intend to keep up with scientific proceedings from now on."

And Uncle Burt departed in fine humor.

WEBSTER R. BROWN, '27

GRANVILLE T. PRIOR, '27

Spirit Asunder

AT the time of the death of my grandfather in England, my Aunt Abigail came to visit us. She brought a very old hall clock that had been used for over a century. This clock was said to drop a weight at the time of the death of any member of the family. Aunt Abigail was very superstitious and although we ridiculed her we found ourselves intensely disturbed by the presence of this heirloom. Aunt Abigail also brought, to me, Deborah, a beautifully carved dresser; for I was her favorite niece.

She had been with us but a week when she was called to Chicago to the marriage of her eldest son. On that night I had a very queer feeling just before retiring. I made several excuses but it was late so I went up to bed. I fairly shuddered as I passed the clock on the stairs; I knew not why.

I crawled beneath the covers and lay there a long, long time but I could not sleep. I heard the rest of the family when they went to bed. Soon all was still for they slept; but I did not. I quivered as my hands grew cold and clammy.

Suddenly I heard a clamoring and banging on the stairs. I bounded from bed, slipped into my kimono, and dashed to the top of the stairway. All was dark and not a thing to be seen. I wanted to call my father but something seemed to summon me into the gloomy depths of the lower hall. Cautiously I descended and passed through the hall to the parlor door.

Did I hear a noise? Yes! there it was again, very faint and quavering. I strained my ears, to get the syllables.

"Deborah," and again, very distinctly this time, "Deborah, come here, dear."

So startled was I, that I nearly dashed up stairs, when a white woman. Frozen with terror, as if glued to the spot, I stood and stared at the figure, when the sorrow lined face suddenly appeared mist filled the room and slowly concentrated into the form of a to be my aunt's although it looked years older. Slowly the misty form fairly floated to the room above, and into my bedroom, while I hurriedly clambered up the stairway.

When I arrived in my room the filmy figure rose from a chair and swept toward the other side of the bed. One hand was slowly raised and pointed to the dresser, while the other beckoned me to it; then slowly the apparition disappeared in the way it had come.

As soon as I overcame my fear, and began a search of the dresser, I found that the peculiar inlaid top would raise up. Beneath it was a sealed envelope and I discovered upon opening it several hundred dollars. With this clasped tightly in my hand I went to my mother's room who in turn awakened the other members of the family. We talked it over for an hour or so and then as we all agreed that we had no more sleep in us we dressed and went down stairs although it was barely daybreak.

We had not been up long before the door bell rang.

It was a message saying that my aunt had died at one o'clock the night before.

I went to look at the clock in the hall. The weight was on the floor and the clock had stopped at one A. M.

MARJORIE L. HOWE, '28

A Gigantic Light

South-west of Dijon at a height of five hundred and ninety-five meters there is an immense tower. This tower was built to guide air travel, and at the present time it has the strongest light in the world.

The light is made up in sets of two lenses facing each other, and they furnish a light of one thousand million candle power that carries five hundred kilometers. If a aviator leaves Brussels on a clear night, he is able to see the light all the time that he is traveling.

The tower is fifteen meters in height, with a diameter of six meters. It is made up of five stories; the two upper stories contain the light itself, while the other three hold the various instruments used in measuring, and the material used in furnishing the power. The two upper stories are encased in glass and the light swings on a pivot, thus covering all points of the compass.

WALTER E. LONGMORE, '26.

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

Exchanges

THE ARTGUM
OF THE MASSACHUSETTS NORMAL ART SCHOOL, BOSTON.
FEBRUARY 1926

A masterpiece, but to what list of editors do we give this credit?

One almost sees a studio and smells the oils and paints when glancing through "The Artgum". Everyone who admires art would appreciate the pictures in this issue. The articles on the World Court are fine, yet we were not ready for such, but would have enjoyed articles on decorating, designing, and appreciation!

BROCKTONIA.
BROCKTON HIGH, BROCKTON, MASS.
VALENTINE NUMBER 1926

By just looking at the cover we know we've picked up the right magazine. A nice "flashy" valentine lover! Now just a few things to say:

Your cuts are worth while.
Every department is represented and tells of its activities.
Your type and paper is newsy.
Very well balanced copy.
Your magazine is without doubt the finest.

THE TATTLE TALE
WAREHAM HIGH, WAREHAM, MASS.
DECEMBER—1925,

Real Christmasy number! The Christmas stories are there. The play is good. Tell us something of your departmental activities and work—French—Latin—Commerical—History—clubs, et cetera.

We get a good check on our Wareham friends by reading "wanted by".

THE DIAL
20TH ANNIVERSARY
BRATTLEBORO HIGH, BRATTLEBORO, VT.
FEBRUARY 1926

A very experienced magazine—20 years of experience has brought "The Dial" to it's reader, a complete, and splendid magazine. Everyone knows what to expect now; and they are not or will not be (we're sure) disappointed.

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

The departmental articles are there—but introduce more cuts and designs. The size and cover appearance of “The Dial” is very imposing.

THE JABBERWOCK. GIRLS LATIN SCHOOL, BOSTON. JANUARY 1926.

Your cover design coincides well with the nature of your title—Jabberwock. Your cuts (although necessarily few) are attractive. The article on the “World Court” is magnificent. “The Jabberwock” is very complete, in so much as your school would not cover as much as a high school with many activities.

Your book folds too easily.

RADIATOR. SOMERVILLE HIGH SCHOOL, SOMERVILLE, MASS. JAN. & FEB., 1926

The fact that you issue such well balanced, well written magazines each month shows a great amount of effort and interest.—A good job. Departmental activities are well taken care of.

Your cuts are of the finest—especially “public occurrences.” Put some home-made flashes in.

Try a smaller sized copy—this folds too easily.

THE CHRONICLE. HARTFORD PUBLIC HIGH. JANUARY 1926.

Very fine articles and editorials. Their subjects well chosen and well written upon. Why not separate into departments and these departments introduced by attractive—cuts or headings? By reading the directory in the back of “The Chronicle” we find many clubs, societies, et cetera, that could be arranged in departmental columns; and who could contribute.

We would like to know of your editorial staff.

THE GRADUATION ISSUE OF “THE ALPHA” NEW BEDFORD HIGH SCHOOL, NEW BEDFORD, MASS. JANUARY 1926,

The class prophecies, histories and graduation material make enjoyable reading. Great collection of stories to read. Put a suggestive design on the cover some day. Rather good cartoonists in this issue—as high school cartoonists go.

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

THE JOHNSON JOURNAL JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL, NORTH DOVER, MASS. XMAS NUMBER 1925.

A jolly Xmas celebration—your cover design; your type is a bit too small and hard to read—otherwise “The Journal’s” contents are enjoyably consumed. “The Journal” could be “pepped up” by adding sketchy cuts. Pages 8 and 9 are very witty. Write up some better ads. It’ll pay.

THE JANUARY 1926 ISSUE OF “THE ITEM.” DORCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

Nice alumni section shows plenty of work keeping in touch, and makes “The Item” much more enjoyable for friends of Dorchester High.

Put editorials first; and sketch a design cut over the stories. If your jokes are original, as they look—the young ladies must contain much wit and humor!

(Concluded from page 33)

he had placed on the floor close by. Vengeance, he thought, would be his.

The calm voice of Jack Doyle broke the silence, “No you don’t Jules, I’ve got the drop on you,” and Jules found himself staring into the barrel of Jack’s automatic. “You consider yourself a crook—the master crook of France! A fine crook you are to let yourself be “duped” by a stranger! “You’ll see presently, Jules,” he continued, “that I’ve been watching you through the “eyes of the underworld” and so rather thought you’d pay me a visit.”

“Who ever heard of a crook who was crooked?” concluded Jack. As he pressed a button, a squad of blue-coated officers filed in and led Jules gnashing his teeth in rage, from the room.

GRANVILLE T. PRIOR, '27

THE HUTTLESTONIAN



Miss Dorothy Hammond, daughter of Mrs. Allen Hammond, Main Street, Mattapoisett, has been elected to Phi Beta Kappa, honorary national scholastic society. Miss Hammond will be graduated from Wellesley College in June. She was graduated from Fairhaven High School with the class of 1921.

Miss Alice Eitel who graduated from Fairhaven High School last year ranks scholastically among the ten highest of her class at Mt. Holyoke.

“The Huttlestonian” has travelled far on its journeys! Perhaps the following letter from an alumnus of the school will prove of interest to former graduates as well as present students.

Station: Egham.
Tel. Egham 135.

Town Green Farm,
Englefield Green,
Surrey, England
December 30, 1925.

Dear Sir:—

I am a member of the class of 1910 of the F. H. S. and have had the great pleasure of having seen and read the school magazine “The Huttlestonian.” Would you please write and tell me if I could obtain it by a subscription-fee, or is it only to be had by the students at present in the school. I enjoyed it so much that I have often longed to see it again.

I spent many happy days at school and they will ever remain in my memory.

With my very best wishes for “A Happy New Year” and wishing all at the dear school much success.

I remain,

Yours truly,
Signed (Miss) Winifride A. Savin.

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

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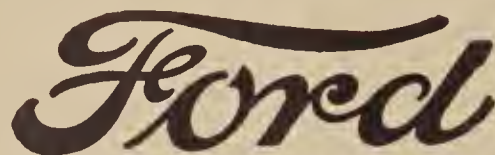
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